

The Conning Tower

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN

I hoped to be an officer,
And volunteered to train
For infantry or cavalry
My nimble witted brain.

They metely praised my brave intent,
But said I wouldn't do,
Because the regulations state
One must be five feet two.

I aspired to be a "Jacky" next;
In swashing sailor clothes
I'd show my scorn for all the world
With gratifying oaths.

But surgeons have a sniffy way,
They love to criticize;
This one had doubts about my ears
And canned me for my eyes.

I next attacked the signal corps,
Expecting grand results;
They didn't like my murmuring heart
And tachycardic pulse.

Now that I've tried most every way
And failed to put it through,
On every line I read the sign,
"Your Uncle Sam wants YOU!"

C. E. ANDREWS.

We forgot to include the name of Captain Frederick Stuart Greene in the list of commissioned contribs, so here it is. The Captain is as fine a looking old gentleman in a uniform as ever came over from Port Washington to Forest Hills to see a tennis tournament.

Miss Bjurstedt—or, as Mr. Conlin calls her, Miss Bjurstedt—drank a lot of lemonade yesterday in her match with Miss Browne, but she seemed to be getting about five games to the gallon.

Lieutenant Clarence J. Griffin glimmed S. Kashio, the Japanese player. "Yon Kashio," he madwagged, "hath a lean and hungry look."

The Eternal Triangle

[From the California (Pa.) Sentinel]

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dell Davis and wife on Thursday a son.

"It is high time," says the editor of the Metropolitan, in the September number, "that Mr. Wilson set his house in order in Washington. There is no excuse for delay in this matter. The nation needs a leader who knows how to lead; and it will get one very soon if Washington continues to be a drag on the enthusiasm of the country." To which might be added "So there!" . . . The Metropolitan joins the list of magazines which are Standing Behind the President.

THE COMPLETE CHARACTERIZER

[From the foreword, by the Editor of "The Bytander," to Vol. I and II of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France"]

When Tommy went out to the great war, he went smiling, and singing the latest ditty of the halls. The enemy scowled. War, said his professors of Kultur and his hymnsters of hate, could never be waged in the Tipperary spirit, and the nation that sent in the front soldiers who sang and laughed must be the very decadent England they had all along denounced as unworthy of world power.

I fear the enemy will be even more infuriated when he turns over the pages of this book. In it the spirit of the British citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell, flocked to the colours to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron, is translated to cold and permanent print. . . .

This habit of ours of making fun of ourselves has come by now to be fairly well understood by even the most sensitive and serious-minded of our continental friends and neighbors. It hardly needs nowadays to be pointed out that it is a fixed condition of the national life that wherever Britons are working together in any common object, whether in school, college, profession, or even warfare, they must never appear to be regarding their occupation too seriously. Those who know us—and who, nowadays, has the excuse for not knowing us, seeing how very much we have been discussed?—understand that our frivolity is apparent and not real. Because we have the gift of laughter, we are no less appreciative of grim realities than are our scowling enemies, and nobody knows that better in these days than those scowling enemies themselves.

Their hymns of hate and prayers for punishment have been impotent expressions of exasperation at our coolness, deliberation and inflexible determination—qualities they had deluded themselves before the war into believing would prove all a sham before the first blast of frightfulness. They told themselves that, a war once actually begun, the imperturbable, pipe-smoking John Bull would be transformed into a cowering craven.

It is a joy and a delight to know intimately such writers as Cleveland Moffett, Porter Emerson Browne, Sophie Kerr, Julian Street, Theodosia Garrison, Basil King, Hildegard Hawthorne, and others too numerous to mention.—Charles Hanson Towne, in the Bulletin of the Authors' League of America.

Thanks for the ad, Charley.

SONG

I lingered at the postern gate;
Your troubadour—and something less.
I sang a song insatiable,
Of longing you alone might bless—
Yet, was it really I, my dear,
That sang before the postern gate?

You listened with a pleasure shy;
Mine amorous—and something more.
I took my lute and laid it by,
The frankness of your look before—
Yet, was it really you, my dear,
That listened with a pleasure shy?

You looked into my ruined soul;
You had no need to say good-bye.
Into the calling dark I stole,
But let my lute behind me lie;
For it was really you, my dear,
That looked—and said good-bye.

Y. K. S.

The esteemed Revenue Collector, thinking, perhaps, that we are slacking in the war game, is trying to get us to pay our income tax again. And, although we can prove that we paid it once, the G. P. suffices us.

WE TCKE THE BET TO TCKEHOFF

Sir: Anton Tckehoff's new book is called "The House with the Mezzanine and Other Stories." One ought to be able to say something about this. I can't, so turn it over to you. ADELAIDE.

When the sugar prices become stabilized our patriotic restaurateurs probably will begin to charge 5c extra—the fanatic patriots 10c—for sugar served with coffee.

Tammany is a patriotic institution. If it had put forward a big league candidate the interest in the campaign might have diverted public attention from the war.

"Tired of Being Killed, Germans Cease Rushes in the Ypres Sector."—Atlanta Constitution headline.

No endurance, the Teuts, that's what's the matter with 'em.

The French, we imagine, will call the American troops "Atobols."

"Does the Ambulance Fund get the gross receipts of the tennis tournament at Forest Hills this week?" asks Marjorie. It looks as though you were just trying to give us a chance to answer.

No, Marjorie, only the net proceeds.

F. P. A.

Dancing Teachers Open Convention

"Follies" Chorus Shows Ballroom Instructors Light Fantastic of the Stage

Borough President Marcus M. Marks didn't appear at the dancing teachers' convention at the McAlpin yesterday, but dancing teachers are used to being stepped on, and, quite as though they had been welcomed to New York with all the formality in the world, they "rambled" and "jazzed" around the convention floor all day long.

All day, with one notable interlude. For at 4 o'clock, when Ned Wayburn brought over a whole staff of Ziegfeld beauties in bathing suits, pantalettes and white silk tights, the dancing teachers sat meekly by and watched their amazing antics with open mouths. For, although these teachers are the alleged "lounge lizards" of the profession, they don't teach dancing exactly as Ned Wayburn teaches it.

It was a hard day for Mr. Wayburn, for G. Heppner Wilson, the doughty president of the "Inner Circle," would not let him off with a mere exhibition of his prowess with dancing beauties. Nor was Mr. Wilson even content with introducing the blushing director as the "greatest man in the show business and the best fellow in the world," but he made the "Inner Circle's" hip-hip-hooray for Wayburn and then sang a song for him. After that Mr. Wayburn was led around to clasp the hand of each dancing teacher.

The girls did their handshaking, too, but they thought it was fun, and they nearly wrung the hands off some of the more reserved "Inner Circle's."

The "Inner Circle" has elaborate plans for this week and next, among which are the pending negotiations with the conservatives, who will open their convention at the Astor tomorrow. Marcus M. Marks is on the programme again to-day.

Plays and Players

The first official word having to do with Fred Stone's next musical show was released yesterday. The title of the piece will be "Jack O'Lantern," and Anne Caldwell, R. H. Burnside and Ivan Caryll are the authors. The company, which will be unusually large, will include nearly all of the dependables who appeared in "Chin-Chin."

Among them will be Charles Aldrich, Douglas Stevenson, Allen Crater, Helen Falconer, Violet Zell and the saxophoneing Brown brothers. Rehearsals began yesterday at the Globe, at which theatre the new piece will be revealed on October 15.

Bessie McCoy is about to return to the stage. Miss McCoy has not acted since her marriage to Richard Harding Davis, but announcement is now made by Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham that she will have an important role in the new Century review. Her last appearance was with the 1912 "Follies."

A general rearrangement of Shubert attractions will move several pieces to new homes in the course of the next few weeks. "The Masquerader," scheduled to open at the Shubert on September 3, will be brought, instead, to the Lyric, and "Maytime" will continue indefinitely at the Shubert. On the same date "The Inner Man" will be transferred to the Cort, and "The Knife" will take to the road. "Love o' Mike" will reopen at the Casino next Monday.

Rehearsals of "The Scrap of Paper," in which Robert Hilliard will be starred, got under way yesterday.

"A Tailor-Made Man," which will be brought into the Cohan & Harris next Monday, began its season at Atlantic City last night.

Miss Allen a Bride To-day

Marriage to Allan MacDougall To Be in Morristown

Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall Allen of this city, at the Morris County Golf Club, will be married to-day in St. Peter's Church, Morristown. The guests included Miss Edith M. Fanshawe, who is to be the maid of honor; Miss Adelaide Wilmerding, Miss Helen D. Geer, Miss Madge R. Leisher, Miss Gladys MacDougall, Miss Marion Connett, Miss Dorothy Darrell, Mrs. Charles Hamilton Brown, Lieutenant Charles F. Neave, John Fritz, Achelis, Raymond E. Co. John B. Marsh, Edward M. Robinson, Lew L. Wallace, Donald MacDougall, Warren Barbour and Harry A. Foote.

Mrs. Alexander H. Tiers gives a luncheon for the wedding party to-day at her home, Farmlands, Morristown.

A special train over the Lackawanna Railroad will leave Hoboken at 2:30 p. m., for the accommodation of the New York guests and, returning, will leave Hoboken at 7:30 p. m.

The Tribune's Fresh Air Fund

Three weeks of the Fresh Air vacation season remain—three only. Three weeks from yesterday juvenile New York will be challenged to its duty by the clang of the school bell.

That bell is the voice of authority which cries "Halt!" to the Fresh Air Fund and its work. It is a command the fund must obey; it would be unlawful to take children from their school work to send them to the country for vacations.

This means that all the boys and girls of New York who have not yet had their vacations—if they are to get them at all—must be started on them within the next ten days.

Many More Need Vacations

Are there many who remain to go—many who really are in need of a change to the country? Here is a sample of the letters, telephone calls and personally made pleas that come in a constant stream to the manager of the fund:

"Aside from the Westminster, Conn. party and ten girls to Chapel Hill, I have had only sixty-four opportunities through the Tribune Fresh Air Fund for other children. As I still have about three hundred needy ones on the waiting list, I hope it will be possible for you to give me some more outings."

The Kips Bay Neighborhood Association, from which this letter came, is the fund doing its part. Here is a summary of the numbers of children to be sent out during the next few days: Wednesday, 70; Thursday, 50; Friday, 30; Saturday, 40; Sunday, 140; total, 1,090. And the fund has in the country this morning more than 1,800 boys, girls and mothers in the midst of vacations.

Surely this is the fund's part. This is a record and the fund has in the country this morning more than 1,800 boys, girls and mothers in the midst of vacations.

The Sinews of War

Slavs in the Western Copper Mines Are Doing More for Democracy Than Those in the Army of Korniloff

By THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

RENO, Nev., Aug. 15.—The old saying has it that there is no Sunday west of Chicago and no God west of Denver. In view of the increasing tendency of the West to make itself good by the legislative route, it may be that the direction of decreasing holiness will have to be declared reversed; but as for Sunday, in these high pressure days, it is largely in the discard for the elementary industries.

In the mines of Nevada, at any rate, there is no Sunday—except for the administrative offices. The shafts are always open, day and night. When a man gets tired of the underground work, which daily decreases his expectation of life, he knocks off and takes a chance on getting his job back when he has had enough rest and riot.

Silver will not always be in the profitable eighties, copper will not always be worth thirty cents the pound. The more work, the more metal and the more pay while the paying is good all around.

Nevada's silver is needed to pay the soldiery of Europe their small stipends. Nevada's tungsten is needed to make cannon endure and reinforce steel in its myriad uses. Nevada's copper is needed wherever men construct or destroy. The ordinary shaft mine is not a very spectacular enterprise. After all it is a hole in the ground. The men go down and come out. The ore is taken out and the mine is closed.

A ten-million-dollar mine may look like a ramshackle backyard on the surface. But there are mines that look the part. They are the open pit mines, where the ore is encountered in immense deposits near the surface. Such mines are those of the Nevada Consolidated at Ely. At Tonopah you may stand unabashed in the presence of the Tonopah Belmont and listen to tales of wealth being garnered in the twenty or thirty miles of underground workings.

But when you stand on the edge of one of those sublime excavations near Ely you instinctively acknowledge greatness, even as you do at the Grand Canyon. All around you men haul copper as industrial king and you are quite willing in the presence of his herculean labors to do him homage yourself.

Motor Through Desert

In Stillness of Night

I came to Ely, or the heights above Ely, in the night. It was or had been a night of intense stillness—the stillness of the desert. The stars were bright, but they seemed to shine for their own glory and not to dispense the inky darkness. All day long our motor had crossed hot desert valleys, irrigated with hot water from hot springs and had climbed mountain range after mountain range, dotted with stunted pines.

We were weary with the weariness of faces drawn and shrunk in the hot sunlight, and we thought better of the wisdom of the New York

Miss Elizabeth S. Burrill

Weds Captain C. L. Barnwell

GOSHEN, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth S. Burrill to Captain Clement Livingston Barnwell, O. R. C., was solemnized at St. James's Episcopal Church this afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. Dr. C. T. A. Pise, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wood of Tuxedo Park. The best man was Edward Reid, of Cambridge, Mass., and the maid of honor the bride's cousin.

Miss Stanley to Wed Officer

Mrs. William Stanley, of Great Barrington, Mass., announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Christine Stanley, to Lieutenant Hugh Knowlton, O. R. C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Knowlton, of Brookline, Mass. Lieutenant Knowlton is a graduate of Yale and recently received a commission as second lieutenant, Field Artillery, at Plattsburg.

Slavs in the Western Copper Mines

ladies we had passed at a desert resting place in the morning who had their faces swathed in cold cream bandages against the fierceness of a sun that outshone, so they said, the sun of India or the sun of Sudan.

We still retained, however, the right to smile at the ostentation of riches they gave to the desert innkeeper when he apologized for having to charge sixty cents a gallon for gasoline that had to be hauled eighty miles by wagon.

"The price of gasoline," they said, "is of no consequence whatever to us."

The next wayfarer may pay a dollar—if he looks like Manhattan Island.

So it was in weary silence that our car took us into the presence of the great mine. The mountains had shut out the noise into which we were almost instantaneously plunged. Noise—and light. Engines whistled or cars rattled and clanked, tons of waste rattled down the high dumps crowned with arc lights, blasts roared and shook the earth, men shouted, heavy ore trains thundered down the mountain.

We were momentarily stirred, but not enough to divert us from our sleepy determination to find a bed at the earliest possible moment. It required some determination, too, for Ely is on the Lincoln Highway, which is better for mine host in these automobile days than being on the Ogden Route.

Mining Copper With Steam Shovel

The next morning found us early at the brink of the capacious artificial craters whence ore is annually taken for the concentration of some 60,000,000 pounds of copper. Mountains of waste rock tell the story of the prodigious labor necessary to get at the ore.

Drama

"The Deluge," a play in three acts, by Henning Berger, adapted by Frank Allen. Presented by Arthur Hopkins at the Hudson Theatre.

THE CAST
Stratton.....William Riley Hatch
First Customer.....William J. Flannery
Charles.....Clyde Smith
Frazer.....Robert McWalt
Another Customer.....Guy Nichols
Adams.....Henry E. Day
O'Neill.....Edward G. Robinson
Sadie.....Pauline Lord

By Ralph Block

When people laugh in northern climates the ring of iron can always be heard under their mirth. "The Deluge," which last night's performance at the Hudson Theatre established as the most important dramatic contribution of the early season, is full of a strange Scandinavian laughter, the irony of Ibsen and the acid bitterness of Strindberg. There is even something Russian in its preoccupation with the fatalistic pattern of life, and at more than one point this play by Henning Berger recalls the design of Gorky's "The Night Refugee."

It is a passionate comment upon the pettiness of life and the immensity of death, and even though it is cast in a style of finely sustained realism, it is full of the poetry which may be found more richly in human action than in words.

Little is known in America of Henning Berger beyond the fact that he lived in this country seven years, most of that time in Chicago, and that after the memory of certain radical activities had been allowed to grow dim he returned to his native land. In Sweden he is fairly well known, and several of his novels and other works have been published by Albert Bonnier in Stockholm. "The Deluge," which was first produced four years ago, is known in Sweden as "The Night Refugee." In a literal translation this becomes suggestively "The Sin Flood."

What the dramatist has done in "The Deluge" is to bring together into one room all the passion, the pain, the mystery, the weakness and strength of all the desire and all the futility of human nature—and to keep it there for twenty-four hours of stage time under a searching microscope. He does this with a convincing illusion of reality, but not without a touch of symbolism, and his agent of necessity in the play is a storm. It is a storm so violent, so prolonged and so overpowering that all the small details of living are momentarily eliminated and the souls of those who are there are bared and disclosed for what they are worth.

The scene is a saloon, "located in a city on the Mississippi," but strongly reminiscent in many ways of Chicago. It is not a poor man's saloon, and into it come the men whose hands keep stirring the city's seething life. Frazer is a prominent man, a man who has been like all the rest, but was not strong enough to win. He is broken and disappointed, with his voice raised against every one of his fellows. Adams is a speculator. Here and there his voice is raised against the play, not at one flash, as in the drama of what might be called the Feather Duster School, but through slight intimate suggestions, as happens usually in life itself. He is a man, a man who has been like all the rest, but was not strong enough to win. He is broken and disappointed, with his voice raised against every one of his fellows. Adams is a speculator. 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